

THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, BY TAYLOR & TRACY, No. 186, MAIN STREET.

Vol. I.

CINCINNATI, TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1834.

No. 13.

THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER is edited by Rev. THOMAS BRAINERD, assisted by Rev. B. P. AYDELOTTE, under the supervision of a Committee appointed by the Cincinnati Sunday School Union. The following gentlemen compose this Committee: viz. W. S. Ridgely, M. D., of the Presbyterian Church; Mr. Jeremiah Butler, of the Episcopal Church; Mr. William Bond, of the Baptist Church; and Mr. Joseph Hudson, of the Protestant Methodist Church.

TERMS.—For 1 copy per year, \$1.00
“ 4 do. do. 3.00
“ 7 do. do. 5.00
“ 15 do. do. 10.00

In all cases the payment to be made in advance. The profits to be devoted to the American Sunday School Union.

From the Youth's Friend.

THE BLIND GRANDFATHER.

Do you see that little girl, and that old man, sitting together by the road side, on that sunny bank under the old tree? That poor old man is blind, quite blind! and that little girl often leads him, about this hour in the day, to that pleasant spot, where the last sunbeams shine brightly on the sheltered bank, and on the old man's uncovered head; for his hat is off, you see—his little grand-daughter holds it as if to ask alms from the passers by; but she does not beg, though she and her old grandfather are very poor; she only holds it for him, that he may feel the warmth of the setting sun beams on his bare head, and among its thin silvery locks.

That poor old man now lives in the village almshouse; yet the time was when he had a comfortable home of his own. A good farm-house, with a pretty garden, and orchard, and barns, meadow and corn-land, and much cattle. And beside these, he had a wife and children whom he loved, and who loved him dearly.

Happy was it for Adam Hartly, that while all went well with him, he never forgot his dependence on the Giver of “every good and perfect gift.” He never lay down in his bed at night, nor arose from it in the morning, without thanking Him for his mercies, nor ever passed a day without reading some portion of the Holy Scriptures to his assembled family. He loved and trusted in God his Saviour in the days of his prosperity, and he was not forgotten by Him now, in the time of his adversity.

First of all, grievous sickness was sent into his house: his children were all, one by one, taken from him by a fever; and their mother, worn out by grief and anxiety, was soon after laid in the churchyard, beside the graves of her departed children. After this, he was deceived by a friend, for whom he had been bound to the full value of all his worldly substance, and in this way he lost all his property: and then a heavier affliction fell upon him—a dimness came on his sight—and in a short time, he became totally blind.

Such afflictions were very hard to bear, and the old man's heart felt ready to break; but he thought of his little grand-daughter, who was still spared to him, and he called to mind that the Almighty arm was still their refuge and defence, and felt willing to submit to the will of God in all things.

Little Amy Ross was only eight years old when her mother died; but she was a serious and thoughtful child; not fond of childish sports and plays. She dearly loved her grandfather, and was never more happy than when seated on a little stool at his knee, they two talked of her dear mother as a saint in heaven, or she read from the Bible some chapter pointed out by the old blind man, while his hand rested upon her young head, smoothing her soft hair with most endearing fondness.

And very often Amy brings her Bible to that pleasant spot, under the old tree, and reads a chapter to the old blind man, who loves to hear the words

of life from the lips of his dutiful grand-child. And this evening she has been repeating to him, a little hymn which she has lately learned from a book given to her by a kind lady. Amy's eyes fill with tears, and her voice trembles a little while she repeats it, for it is one about “a child and a blind grandfather,” and the old man's sightless eyes are glistening also, as he listens to that youthful voice and those affecting words.

How beautiful it is to see a child so kind and attentive to an aged parent! “Children,” says the Holy Scriptures, “obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing to the Lord.” Happy are those children who constantly endeavour thus to please the Lord. Happy was Amy Ross, when, after receiving her grandfather's blessing, and thanks for all her love and kindness to him, she laid down her head at night on her hard pillow. Happier was she, although her supper was a crust of dry bread, and a drink of cold water, than many a little child indulged in all her foolish fancies, fed with dainties, and laid to rest on pillows of down.

From the S. S. Treasury.

“I AM TOO YOUNG TO REPENT.”

There are a great many children, who, when urged by their pious friends, to seek the Saviour, now say, “I am too young to repent and love God.” But, perhaps, these children do not recollect that Mary Lothrop, Nathan Dickerman, and others, of whom they have read, were as young as they, when they repented of their sins. These dear children are not the only ones who have given their hearts to God while young. I can tell you of a little girl, who one day, after public services, at church, ran to her teacher, whom she had not seen for some time and said to him, (the tears rolling down her cheeks as she spoke) “O! Mr. C——, what shall I do to be saved? I feel that I am a great sinner, and need forgiveness.” Her teacher directed her to the “Lamb of God,” the “Friend of sinners,” and told her to repent of her sins and believe in that Saviour. He then left her. A few days afterwards, he again met her in the same place. Her countenance was altered: the tears no longer rolled down her cheeks, but they had given place to the smiles of joy, as she said to him, “I have found the Saviour, and he has forgiven my sins.”

Here is another instance to prove that children, although young, may become Christians. If any children read this, let them remember that they are not too young to sin, or to repent of sin. Let them remember, too, that the reason, why they do not have the Saviour for their friend, as this little girl did, is, because they do not seek him, as she did. Let them daily think of that Saviour, who, while on earth, took little children in his arms, and blessed them, and said, “Suffer little children to come unto me.”—O! children, will you not go to God, and pray unto Him to take your heart, and forgive your sins now? Soon you will be called to die, and if you love Him now, He will be your Friend, and

“Make your dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,”

E. R. S.

From the Youth's Miscellany.

THE LITTLE DUTCH BOY.

Little Henry was born in Germany, where he had no Sabbath school which he might attend. Nor did he receive much of any instruction in a day school. He knew nothing of geography, arithmetic,

tie, and grammar. In fact, he could not read with rapidity and correctness. He knew very little of what the Bible teaches, and of course lived without thinking seriously of dying, or repentance, or a judgment to come.

At length Henry's father, in company with a number of his neighbours, agreed to come to America. They engaged their passage, and after a pleasant voyage arrived at New York; from whence they came up the Hudson river to Albany, where they took a passage on board a canal boat, and proceeded to the city of—

After they had lived here some time, a German minister came there to preach to the Dutch people; and established a Sabbath school for children. Henry was invited to go; and the next Sabbath he went, and was put into the class of a very good teacher. Here he soon learned to read his Bible very well; and from it he found that he had a bad heart that loved sin, and that it told of a place of punishment to which all sinners would be sent, and of a Saviour who came from heaven, and died to save all who would repent of their sins and believe in him, and of a heaven of happiness to which Jesus would take all who loved him and obeyed his commandments. All this was new to him; he had never been taught so before.

When he thought of his wicked heart he felt very bad. But still he did not go to Jesus. He was afraid the boys with whom he played would laugh at him if he became a Christian. And though his heart was very sad, he always tried to put on a cheerful countenance, as if nothing troubled him, and joined in all their sports, as if he thought as much of them as ever. But when he was alone, he would read his Bible, and weep, and try to pray.

About this time, Mrs. B. came one Sabbath to visit the school, and talk with the children about giving their hearts to God. As she went on speaking, he found it was all suited to his own case. And then he began to think some of the boys had overheard him praying, when he was alone, and had told it to Mrs. B., and that perhaps they had told it to all the scholars. He felt very much ashamed, and put his head down upon the bench, and hid his face with his hands, so that he could not see any one. But the longer she spoke, the more wicked did he see himself to be, and the tears fell faster and faster from his eyes. At last Mrs. B. ceased, adding as she closed, that “If there was any little boy or girl there, that wanted a new heart, she should like to pray for them.” Little Henry's heart now swelled nigh to bursting. He did not know what to do. If he went up to the desk, where the lady was, then certainly all the boys would know he was thinking of becoming a Christian, whether they did so before or not; and if he did not go, Mrs. B. would not know that he wished her to pray for him. He remained a few moments in his seat, but he could stay no longer. He rose from his seat and hurried to the table, took Mrs. B.'s hand and said, “I wish you to pray for me.” And what shall I pray for?” inquired the lady. “Oh! for a new heart! a heart to love God!” She knelt down with the boy, and prayed; and Henry too prayed and repented of his sins, and before he rose he had a new heart.

When the school was closed, he ran home as fast as he could; and as soon as he entered the house, he said, “Papa, I wish you would get me the Bible.” “What do you want to do with the Bible?” asked his father. “Oh! I want to show you something, papa,” added Henry. The father seeing how earnest

he was, although it appeared very strange, went and took the precious book out of his chest, where it had been kept entirely out of use, and brought it to his son. Henry took the holy volume into his hands, and turned its pages until he came to the third chapter of John's Gospel, where he read the account of Nicodemus' interview with Jesus. After he had finished, he looked up into his father's and mother's faces and said, "Oh! you too must be born again." They did not understand what it meant any better than did the Jewish ruler, and so they asked, "What is it to be born again?" Henry was glad to become the teacher of his parents, and he began to tell them, with great respect, that "a new heart was a heart that loves God, and loves to obey his commandments, and that hates sin, and fears to disobey God." But his parents were very ignorant, and did not know what was taught in the Bible; so Henry talked with them a long time about God, and the Saviour, and heaven, and hell, and the new heart. They felt that they were sinners, and began to think of repentance. But they did not like to have Henry know how much they did feel, nor did they like to ask him to pray for them.

For a number of days they talked with Henry about the Bible; and the more he said, the more did they see that they needed new hearts.

One day while they were sitting with their son, and conversing about religion, the truth appeared so plain that they could resist no longer, and with tears of penitence in their eyes, they asked him if he would pray for them. Oh! how did Henry's heart leap for joy! "Oh! yes, I have prayed for you every day," he said. He knelt between them, each of them taking one of his hands in theirs, and prayed to God, who heard his prayer, and gave them both new hearts.

Children, remember the little Dutch boy. He knew but little, but he was willing to do all the good he could with little knowledge. Will not you go to your playmates and talk with them about the new heart? F.

A LITTLE HINDOO BOY.

The Rev. Mr. Rheunias, a missionary in Hindoostan, gives the following account of a little boy in his congregation, about twelve years old. He became one day very ill, and there was no hope of his recovery. His father asked him whether he wished to go to Christ, or to stay here still longer. The boy replied, "I should like to learn still more of the catechism, but I should like also to go to Christ;" and then addressed his father thus. Father, have you still any idols in the house? If you have, get them all away, and keep to the Gospel." A heathen physician refused to give him medicine, because the parents had become Christians; the boy hearing of it, said, "never mind, I do not want his medicine, I have a heavenly physician." He died with joy, and the parents instead of repining and mourning, made a feast. When the Christian and heathen neighbours who came to visit them, saw this and expressed their surprise, the father said: "Why should we mourn? This is the marriage day of my boy; may we all die as this our boy did." Does not this show the powerful grace of God?

THE SAILOR AND THE SHOEMAKER.

In a late number of the Presbyterian, we have the following interesting account of two young Scotchmen, members of the University of Glasgow, related by the Rev. George C. Potts.

They were natives of the Highlands of Scotland. The first had been a sailor in the whale fishery in the northern seas; the other was a shoemaker, who had served a regular apprenticeship to his trade.

In Scotland there prevails an ardent desire in the minds of most young men to acquire a classical education. The parish schoolmaster is generally a

man of erudition, for he is appointed by the law of the land. Through this means and by the instruction of the parish minister they acquired a knowledge of Latin and Greek—engaging at intervals in their different occupations to procure for themselves a subsistence. Being youth of ardent piety, they resolved to devote themselves to the Gospel ministry; and knowing the necessity of a collegiate course, as preparatory to that office, they determined with their slender means to earn by hard industry, sufficient to pay the professors' fees. These young men entered the University of Glasgow, depending for their weekly support on the work of the shoemaker, who made three pair of shoes every week, for which he received one shilling and tenpence. This was their only resource. The sailor studied the recitations in Greek, and the departments of philosophy and mathematics, and read them regularly over to the shoemaker while he was at work; and when the shoe was done, they read over carefully the lessons of the succeeding day. Thus they were well prepared, and maintained a reputable standing in their class.

PIOUS CONTENTMENT.

As a poor pious man was sitting by his little fire one cold evening, with his wife and children, he said to them, "I have been thinking a great deal to-day about that part of Scripture, 'The Son of man hath not where to lay his head.' How wonderful it is, that we who are so sinful, unworthy, and helpless, should be more favoured than He was!"

"It is wonderful, indeed, father," said the eldest girl; "for though our house is small, and our victuals scanty, compared with the houses and way of living of many persons, yet it seems that Jesus Christ was not so well provided for as we are."

"I am glad to hear you speak in that way, Sarah," said the wife. "How happy we all are in our little dwelling this cold night; and as soon as we wish we have beds to rest ourselves upon; there, sharp and piercing as the frost is, and bleak and stormy as the wind blows, we shall be comfortable and warm; and yet the Son of man, as your father has just told us, had not where to lay his head." O that this thought may make us thankful for our many mercies!"

"Thomas," said the father, "reach that hymn which our minister gave you last Sabbath at the Sabbath-school; and let us all unite in singing it."

The whole company, father, mother, and children, then, with a glow of sacred love and pleasure, sung the hymn, entitled, "The Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

THE TAME SPARROW.

About fifty years ago, an invalid French soldier, as he trundled himself about the Hospital grounds in a little go-cart, happened to pick up a young sparrow which had fallen from the nest. He fed the bird abundantly, and took very tender care of him, until he was strong enough to fly: and then he bestowed upon him the most precious of all gifts,—his liberty. For mere amusement, he had fastened a little bell to the neck of the sparrow; and either from habit, or because the other birds were frightened at the bell, the little creature came back, after a few hours' absence, perched on the shoulder of his instructor, entered the hospital with him, and placed himself in the cage, according to his usual custom. Though allowed to fly away whenever he chose, Phillip, (for that was his name,) never failed to return to his kind master. The poor invalid sometimes suffered excruciating pains; and at such seasons the sparrow would never leave his bed, until he was well enough to go out and take the air again. He expressed his lamentations by a peculiar cry; he tried by caresses to soothe his master's pain; and when he perceived that he was drowsy, he flew upon the front post of the bed, and remained there, as if to warn people not to disturb his slumbers.

As soon as he saw any of the invalids that belonged to the Hospital, he knew them immediately, by the blue dress, which they all wore; but he never made any mistake in distinguishing his master; nor would he allow any other person to take him, if they carressed him ever so much.

Sometimes when he was abroad in the fields, the weather became stormy or cold, and when he sought to return to his cage, he found the door of the Hospital shut: on such occasions, this intelligent little bird would watch for the first person he could spy in a blue dress, and, perching on his shoulder, would enter the hospital with him.

If the other birds made war upon him, he took refuge upon the hat of some old soldier, and seated there securely, would seem to defy all their insults. Yet he was by no means without courage; for if the sound of his bell attracted five or six enemies at a time, he would boldly defend himself as long as he had strength to do so. He was so accustomed to his little bell, that he was very unhappy without it. They perceived this circumstance, for the first time, when some person, who had caught him in a snare, clipped his wings and tail, and took the bell from his neck. After two days, Phillip escaped, and returned to his old master; but he seemed very stupid and sad, and refused his customary food. This lasted eight days; but when his master furnished him with a new bell, his usual gaiety returned.

He feared nothing so much as the cat. When he wanted to sleep, he would not enter his cage, unless his master was by, to shut the door. He would hop from bed to bed, until he found some of the invalids awake; and in order to put himself more securely under their protection, he would creep into their knapsack, or coat pocket.

He was generally very punctual to return before dark; but if he happened to be too late, and found the door shut, he pecked at the window, to let them know he had arrived. He usually went out very early in the morning, and the invalids could always judge of the weather by his actions. If it promised to be an unpleasant day, the sparrow soon came back to his master's bed, and did not again offer to leave the room.

Another sparrow, which was a stranger to him, happened one day to be attacked by several other sparrows in the Court of the Hospital. They plucked out his feathers, and pecked at him so furiously, that the poor little creature was almost torn in pieces, when Philip flew to his assistance. He threw himself into the midst of the fight, drove away the quarrelsome birds, and would not leave the little sufferer till he was safely restored to his nest.—*Juvenile Miscellany.*

A GENEROUS ACT.—The Hon. Mr. Grennell, of Massachusetts, in crossing the bridge over the basin, near the Centre Market House, on Sunday last, learned from some boys that a negro lad had fallen into the basin, and sunk some minutes before.—Finding any other means of recovering the body hopeless, he threw of his coat and plunged into the water (about eight feet deep) and after going down once or twice ineffectually, at last found the body, and conveyed it to the wharf, to all appearance dead. After a short time, however, he had the happiness to perceive that his efforts, and the risk he incurred, had not been in vain. The lad gradually recovered.

National Intelligencer.

The London Morning Herald says, the city of London has 194,000 houses, and 1,474,000 inhabitants. Paris has 45,000 houses, and 773,000 inhabitants. Petersburg has 95,000 houses, and 449,000 inhabitants. Naples 40,000 houses, and 360,000 inhabitants. Vienna 7,500 houses, and 390,000 inhabitants. Paris has, according to the Herald's statement, nearly fifty people to each house.

DISOBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.—It was stated at a late meeting of the Prison Discipline Society, as the result of examination made by that Society into the history and career of the various criminals confined in the Prisons of the United States, that in almost all cases, their course of crime began in *disobedience to parents*. This was followed by intemperance, which made way for all other crimes.—This statement was made by the Secretary of the Society, the Rev. Louis Dwight, whose opportunities for observation have been unequalled. Every parent and child should remember this.

CINCINNATI, JUNE 10, 1834.

NOTICE—AND A PROPOSITION.

The Publisher of this paper having associated himself with Mr. Tracey, all communications addressed to "TAYLOR & TRACEY, PUBLISHERS OF THE CHILD'S NEWSPAPER," will be promptly attended to.

We would take this opportunity to inform our friends that it is our intention to issue this paper weekly, the next year, at the same price, provided the increase of our subscription list will warrant such an arrangement. Why could not each reader procure only one subscriber? A little effort in each case would be all that is requisite; and surely this would be more than compensated, by receiving our humble visitor weekly, instead of once in a fortnight? Will not our young friends try? No one knows what he can do, till in good earnest he tries.

To the following letter we would invite the attention of our young readers, and especially those of them who are in Sunday schools. It is from an absent Teacher of a school in this city, and may be profitably read by other classes, as well as that to which it is addressed. Surely if the love of the souls of little children prompts teachers of Sunday schools to their arduous work, they deserve to be affectionately listened to and obeyed.

NEW YORK CITY, May 6th, 1834.

My Dear Class,—I have not forgotten my promise to write to you. I sit down now to let you know how I am, and what I am doing. Let me tell you something about my journey.

I left Cincinnati, on a steam boat, Thursday evening. On Saturday, we got up to Gallipolis, which is a small town in Ohio, where Brother Morrison (one of our Sabbath Teachers) lives, and there we stopped until the next Monday. You want to know why we staid so long at that little town. It was not because we had any business there. It was not because we were in no hurry, and wanted to see the people who lived there. I'll tell you the reason. We didn't think it right to travel on the Sabbath day. You know the steam boats run on the Sabbath, just as they do on every other day; and a great many people go on them. Now this is very wrong. It is contrary to what the Bible says, viz. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." No one can keep the Sabbath day holy, who is travelling about, and doing business, just as he does through the week. We were determined that, if the boat did not stop, we would get out of it on Saturday, and wait for some other boat. We did so, and early on Monday morning, a boat came and took us on up the river. You see how God provides for those who keep his commandments.

While I was at Gallipolis, on Sunday, I attended the school in the Presbyterian Church. It was not a very large school, —not more than thirty scholars in all. I asked the superintendent if there were not a great many more children living in town. He told me there were more than 200, but that they would not come to school. He said their parents would not let them come. Now this is a very great pity, isn't it? I know any one of you would feel bad if your father and mother would forbid your going to Sabbath school. Then you ought to bless God that you have such kind parents. Another thing, you ought to be very thankful that you have the privilege of going to Sabbath school, while so many other girls like you are prevented from going. But I must leave Gallipolis, and tell you about the rest of my journey.

I travelled a long distance on the river, more than 400 miles. We got out of the boat at Wheeling, and there got into the stage, and went through the country away to Baltimore. If

you have a map of the United States, you may see all these places, and see the way I travelled. Between Wheeling and Baltimore we crossed several high mountains, which I will tell you of when I return. Then, too, I will tell you about the rest of my journey—about the large cities through which I passed, the ships and rivers I saw.

I came to New York, yesterday, (Monday.) This afternoon there was a meeting of the Sabbath school children. I was very sorry that I could not be at it. But let me tell you what a pretty sight I saw. All the Sabbath school children of the city were gathered together in a large open square or lot, in which there were a great many trees growing, but no houses built. The children filled this lot almost entirely. You can't imagine how many there were, but it looked most beautiful. Just as I got to them, they were singing a hymn. When they got through singing, they marched out of the lot to the church. There was a row of them that would extend from one end of Cincinnati to the other. They passed along the street, and I thought they never would get by. But I am in a great hurry now, and must tell you more about this when I get back.

I have often thought of you all frequently since I left home. I have been exceedingly anxious to know whether you were supplied with a Teacher in my absence. I hope Mrs. — has been enabled to attend to you. I know if she undertook it, she would do it as well as any other one could. If she has been your Teacher, give her my best respects and thanks.

You recollect I told you, before I left you, about becoming religious. I hope you have thought a great deal about what I told you. It may be you have already resolved to be good, and to love God. Before I return home, you may all become pious, and I pray God you may. There is nothing to hinder you but your own sins, and you ought to give them up immediately. Will you not do so? Will you not love and obey Jesus Christ? Recollect if you do not, you must all perish. Now, I beseech you, turn away from all sin, and then God will love you and save you in heaven. There are girls in New York much younger than any of you, who are religious, and why may you not be? What I say to one, I say to all of you. It is not necessary for me to call you by name. I love each one, and would have you all to be pious. Now, when you hear this letter read, think of what I say. Think about it when you go home. Pray about it, and do ask God to give you the new heart.

I have no more to say now, than to give you my best love. I will be at home in about three weeks. YOUR TEACHER.

For the Child's Newspaper.

LETTER III.

My Little Friends,—You remember I told you I visited a Sunday school in Kentucky, where the Superintendent talked to them about Jacob's Ladder. I mean now to tell you something about the scholars. They all looked neat and clean, and the most of them behaved well, and appeared to listen to what was said to them. Why, can it be that all did not listen! some of my little readers will say. 'Tis too true, some did not—they were restless, and that gave their teachers trouble. But there was one little girl who tore flowers to pieces, and scattered them about her on the floor, and talked all the time the superintendent was explaining the lesson. She tried to make the little girls, who sat next to her, talk; and when all the school stood up to pray, she kept her seat, and read and turned over the leaves of a picture book. The minister sat near her, but she did not care for his presence—but a greater than the minister was there—God was there; yet this little girl regarded it not. Some children (and grown people too) though they fear not God, are ashamed to do wrong things before his ministers. Is this the case with any of my little readers? Remember, my dear children, God always sees you.—He is holy, and you should be ashamed to do a wrong thing, to speak a wrong word, or think a wrong thought in His presence, for he not only sees your actions, hears your words, but knows your thoughts,—yes, every one of your thoughts! Now dear children, if any of you have been careless and trifling in Sunday-school, I hope you will be so no more. Remember, the GREAT ALL-SEEING-EYE IS UPON YOU, and you must give an account for every idle word and thought at the judgment seat of Christ. Your friend, CLIFFORD.

From the Juvenile Watchman.

"BE YE ALSO READY."

My Little Friends,—In looking over the last number of the Juvenile Watchman, my eye fell on a paragraph mentioning the destruction of nine children by fire in the State of Pennsylvania. It seems the children went to bed in perfect health, and with the fond expectation of rising with the morning sun, and pursuing their accustomed avocations. But how were they disappointed! The morning sun found them in eternity!—And were they prepared for the sudden change?

But leaving these dear youth to the Judge of quick and dead, let me affectionately ask each of my beloved friends, if they are prepared to meet their Maker? if the summons should this night call them into eternity, have they that interest in the sacrifice of an atoning Saviour, which can extract the sting of death? Does that peace "which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus," and enable you to contemplate death only as a passport to the joys of the redeemed? If it does, your real happiness is indescribable. But if on the contrary, you have no evidence that you love the Saviour, how appalling is your condition! God may say to you, "This night is thy soul required of thee!" and where, O where, would your spirit be! Dear youth let not this solemn subject be neglected any longer. Events transpire every day which solemnly warn us to "be also ready." In the State of Virginia, lately, a laboring man a widower, went out to spend an evening, a few miles off, previous to which he put his four children to bed and locked up the house. While absent, his dwelling took fire, and before assistance could be rendered, they all perished in the flames. A family, living about a mile distant, hastened to the spot, which they reached just in season to see the eldest boy, about twelve years of age, bearing his little sister in his arms, approach the window to escape from the flames, when the roof fell in and buried them in the ruins.

How solemn, then, are these admonitions to the young, who are pleasing themselves with the expectation of a long life, and saying to their souls, "take thine ease." How effectually ought these providences to work on the minds of thoughtless youth, leading them to seek diligently those things that make for their everlasting peace. While death's terrors are calling to us, in a voice of thunder, not to forget the solemn hour, when we must part with every thing below, religion allures us by her most fascinating enticements, and presents before us the most desirable motives that can move the springs of action, and holds forth to our view pleasures that are durable and unchangeable. She addresses us in heavenly strains of eloquence, saying, "unto you, O man, I call, and my voice is to the sons of man." Reject not her invitations, I entreat you, my dear young friends, but comply immediately with her appeals, and then, when death shall lay his icy hand upon your warm heart, she will sustain you in the trying conflict, and extract his poisonous sting.—Then will heaven appear to you in its real glory, and you will "be found ready" to enter the presence of your Lord. G. H. A.

Boston, May, 1834.

JAVANESE BAT, *Pteropus Javanicus*, is the largest bat in the world,—the body being a foot long, and the spread of the wings five feet in extent. In the lower parts of Java they are numerous, and live socially. Individuals select a large tree for a resort, and suspending themselves by the claw of the posterior extremity, to the branches, present a singular spectacle. They pass the greater part of the day in sleep. Soon after sunset they gradually quit their hold and proceed to the forests, villages, and plantations, devouring indiscriminately every kind of fruit not protected against their depredations.

POETRY.



HYMN.

Sung at the Annual Meeting of the Newcastle Sunday School Union, Eng. 1830.

ALMIGHTY God! with gracious ear
Our praises and thanksgivings hear,
And look down with approving eye
From thy eternal Throne on high.

Our feeble voice and childish thought
Can never praise thee as they ought;
Nor can our lips by words express
The tribute of our thankfulness.

But thou, O Lord, in ancient days,
From children hast perfected praise,
And still thy condescending love
Will childhood's gratitude approve.

Then shed Thy Spirit on each heart,
And living praise and thanks impart,
Which born of Thee, and Thee alone,
May find acceptance at Thy Throne.

BERNARD BARTON.

From the Christian Secretary.

PARTING OF A MOTHER WITH HER CHILD.

Occasioned by a circumstance in the dying hours of the wife of Rev. S. S. Mallory, of Willington, Ct.

He knew her not, that fair young boy,
Though cradled on her breast,
He caught his waking infant smile,
And nightly sank to rest;
For stern disease had changed the brow,
Once to his eyes so dear,
And to a whisper sunk the voice
That best he loved to hear.

So, stranger like, he wondering gazed,
While wild emotions swell,
As with a deathlike, cold embrace,
She breathed a last farewell,
And to the Almighty's hand gave back
The idols of her trust,
And with a joyful hope, lay down
To slumber in the dust.

Go, blooming child, and early seek
The path she trod below,
And, armed with Christian meekness, learn
To pluck the sting from woe,
That so, to all the glorious clime,
Unstained by pain or care,
Thou in thy Saviour's strength may'st come
And know thy mother there.

L. H. S.

The celebrated Captain Ross was absent from England more than three years, in search of a Northwest passage to India, through Baffin's Bay, or some other northerly strait. At length, fearing greatly for his safety, Captain Back was despatched in search of him, and shortly after Captain Ross unexpectedly returned home.

The following humorous lines appeared soon after in an English paper.

CAPTAIN ROSS'S WELCOME BACK.

Captain Ross!—Captain Ross!
While we grieved for your loss,
And feared you never would come back;
Captain Back he came forward,
And followed you Nor-ward,
While you took a southerly tack.

Though we're glad you've come back
Safe and sound, with no lack
Of marvels (we don't mean to doubt 'em:)
'Twas unkind and strange,
When Back took such a range
To seek you, you should come back without him.

When Back's left behind you,
Still seeking to find you,
'Tis found you've been back for a week;
Yet we feel little doubt
You'll soon have to turn out
On a new game of hide-and-go-seek.

For should Back not be back
In three years, with his snack,
His instruments, baggage, and men,
You'll have to go Nor-ward,
And Backward and forward,
To bring Captain Back back again.

From the Sabbath School Instructor.

HORATIO E. BOYD.

As we look back to our schoolboy days, how few of the scholars can we number among the living! Every year, and almost every month, brings us the sad truth, that another has fallen a victim to death. The subject of this sketch, left this city a few years since, with the intention of preparing himself for the Gospel ministry. He entered the manual labour school, near Wilmington, Delaware, and continued there about a year, when he became a student in the Theological Seminary, at Lexington, Kentucky, where he died on the morning of the 11th of March last, aged about twenty-five years. "Mr. Boyd," says a correspondent of the Philadelphia Recorder, "is the fourth sad instance of death among the few Theological students in the diocese of Kentucky, within nine months. When the three others fell victims to the cholera, his devotion to one of them (William Douglass) was so incessant, night and day, that little hopes were entertained by his friends, that his frail constitution, already impaired by a strong tendency to consumption, could sustain the fatigue. Indeed, he never entirely recovered from a violent attack of the cholera, into which he fell after a week of incessant watching and nursing, as long as strength remained. He, like his divine master, went about doing good; and it may be said with truth, that few have ever, in so short a time, endeared themselves to so many as did this departed saint. In November last, the symptoms of consumption became painfully evident. About six weeks since, all hopes of recovery were abandoned by his friends. From that period he has been gradually, but peacefully sinking. When told that there was no probability of his recovering, he calmly replied, 'I am glad of it; it is far better to die and be with Jesus. He has never forsaken me heretofore, and surely I can trust him now.' And his hopes were not disappointed. His Saviour was near to make all his bed in his sickness, and conquer for him when assailed by temptation. When near his end, one weeping intimated to him, that soon his sufferings would terminate. 'Weep not for me,' he said, 'if it be God's holy will—amen. I'm going home, Thanks be to God who giveth me the victory, through Jesus Christ my Lord.' Thus, full of strong faith in his Redeemer, and in a sure hope of a glorious resurrection, he calmly and sweetly fell asleep. In him has the church lost one, who promised to be eminently useful, as he was eminently holy. His loss will be no less deeply felt among the many whom his virtues had drawn around him, in a land of strangers, than by his afflicted surviving relations and friends in his native city."

Young men, learn from the case of this youth, that your end may be near. Are your expectations high; your hopes ardent; and your prospects encouraging? Remember that soon all earthly good will vanish away; for the hour is coming, when the gracious smiles of a Saviour will be more precious to the soul, than any thing earth can afford. Are

you a teacher? Be faithful; your labours may soon close, and your account be sealed to the last great day.

Mr. Boyd had many young acquaintances in this city, who will long cherish his memory: his virtues may they imitate, and strive for the same exemplary deportment, which always characterized him; and may the same animating hopes which caused him to yield his all joyfully at the call of his Saviour, be theirs in the hour of death.

From the Family Lyceum.

FIRST FOOD FOR YOUNG FISHES.

That law by which fishes are supplied with their first food, after escaping from the egg, is no less interesting than remarkable. The parent manifests no maternal solicitude for the coming progeny, which, when ushered into being, are without a guide, without experience, without sagacity, without protection, without instinctive propensities, without a perfectly developed mouth, without adhesive society, and without any thing but food. Ample provision is invariably in store for the young fish, of the best quality and most nutritious character; nor does the supply ever fail, till the tiny animal has strength enough to pursue, and sagacity to discriminate, its appropriate food.

In the egg there is a yolk, which does not enter into the composition of the animal's body, but constitutes a mass of food, destined for the future maintenance of the fish, till it is physically enabled to provide for its own use. This is the fact in relation to all eggs; the yolk being designed for the exclusive support of the bird, crocodile, serpent, &c. as the case may be. With these latter classes, however, this central portion of the egg is carefully encased in the body, at the time of its birth from the shell. Being located near the stomach, a tube leads into that organ, or the first portion of the intestinal apparatus, through which the yolk flows, from time to time, to be digested, according to the necessities of the young animal. Chickens, goslings, young turkeys and ducks, about which farmers feel so much solicitude; have a perfectly whole yolk in their bodies at the time of being hatched; and the reason so many die prematurely is, because they are forced to eat too soon. Let young poultry alone, and when the stock is exhausted which was brought into the world with them, then they give manifestations of a disposition to feed.

Fishes, on the contrary, carry the yolk by a suspensory bag, at the under side of their bodies. As the matter passes upward into the stomach, through the pipe by which the sac is connected to the body, the bulk becomes smaller and smaller from day to day, till it entirely disappears.

PUFF-BALL. *Lycopodon.*—Every particle of the extremely fine dust of the puff-ball, seen in the fields, is of a globular form, of an orange color, and also has a minute stalk on one side. After the smoke subsides, on breaking a puff-ball, the stalk of the globule settles in the ground, for that appendage is invariably the under side when at rest. So very small are the globules, that by actual examination under a microscope, it has been ascertained that a cube the diameter of a hair, would be equal to one hundred and twenty-five thousand of them.—Persons have been made blind considerable time, by this mushroom smoke. Inflammation and darting pains, which result from an incautious exposure, are supposed to be caused by the sharpness of the stalks.

The Rhinoceros lately exhibited in Utica, is 8 years old, and weighs 4,200 pounds. This animal ranks next in size to the Elephant, which it resembles in the color of its skin.

Printed by James M. Millan, No. 1, Baker street.